Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Burn This"

This is Immortal Technique
Harlem, New York
All over the world
And this is The Martyr
If you are listening to this
It is your responsibility
To burn this for every single motherfucker you know

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Martyr"

['Elizabeth' Movie intro]
I'm content to die for my beliefs
So cut off my head and make me a Martyr
The people will always remember it
"No. They will forget"

A man who walks with God, can walk anywhere
Hence.. I fear nothing

[Immortal Technique - Verse 1]
The point of guerilla war, is not to succeed
It's always been just to make the enemy bleed
Deprivin' the soldiers of the peace of mind that they need
Bullets are hard to telegraph when they bob and they weave
The only way a Guerilla War can ever be over
Is when the occupation, can't afford more soldiers
Until they have to draft the last of you into the service
And you refuse cause you don't see the purpose
The only way to counter the insurgents that are well-equipped
Is to paint the people fighting for freedom as terrorists
Then find a faction lookin' for foreign investments
You stall them with power and murder any objections
You can't stop a revolution from breathin'
So to beat 'em they offer people the illusion of freedom
But when you're done dreamin' and wake up, tortured for treason
Then you can see them, hidin' behind the God they believe in

[Chorus]
Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
During the night before the start of the dawn
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
When the gunshots are rainin' in the heart of a storm
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
Guerilla war when the army is gone
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)

[Verse 2]
The purpose of life is a life with a purpose
So I'd rather die for a cause than live a life that is worthless
I don't need the circus or the day of national observance
I need you to think for you and stop being a servant
Pawns only move a square in the game that they're used in
And realise it too late, like the shootin' of Huey Newton
Or Patrice Lumumba and Salvador Allende
Slaughter by the power hungry branches of their own gente
Ghandi wasn't killed by Pakistani nationals
He was assassinated by a Hindu radical

And Che Guevara, rebel to a U.S. continent
Was sold to the C.I.A. by Bolivian communists
Wasn't Yitzhak Rabin murdered by a Zionist
And Anwar Sadat a victim of the same violence?
Malcolm X was seen as a threat to the F.B.I.
But to blast 'em they used Muslims from the N.O.I.
Even the 35th President of the Republic
Was murdered by factions of his own government
So now that it's proven, that a soldier of Revolution
Or head of an empire, disguised in a Constitution
Can not escape the retribution or manipulation
Of the self-appointed rulers of the planets corporations
So Imma need every generation to put your hands up
Cause you can only get 'em off your back when you stand up!

[Chorus]
Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
During the night before the start of the dawn
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
When the gunshots are rainin' in the heart of a storm
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
Guerilla war when the army is gone
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Angels & Demons"

(feat. Dead Prez, Bazaar Royale)

[Intro:]
"What do you see when you're in the dark and the demons come?"
"I see you. I see you standing over the grave of another dead president"

[Hook: Bazaar Royale]
I see angels above me
Demons below me
Fighting over heaven, heaven, heaven
It's real

[Verse 1: stic.man]
America's nightmare; young, black, and just don't give a fuck
Run up in the courtroom and wet 'em up
Got nothing to lose but my handcuffs
Every man must choose to lay down or stand up
It's war time, everything is fair, no fear
When they say the homie murdered the judge, I don't care
Fuck 'em, he deserved it, long as the homie get away
And don't get caught for the crime, I encourage it
We rootin' for the villain in black
Pourin' out Absolut, salute, niggas is shootin' back
In self defense we bang the pistol like
Larry Davis or Brian Nichols
Every pig, every public official, the boomerang
Is coming back to get you, you reap what you sow
The system you created created a monster
And now you scared cause it's coming back to haunt you

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: M-1]
Since we gonna take the blame, I'm a rep my name to get my aim right
Let's have an overthrow and after party in the same night
Same height as Huey, same muscle build as Malcolm
With the same circumstances in the hood, you know the outcome
And read it in the news about your sergeant and your captain
Don't take this as a warning, just another nigga rappin'
Fuck the way we organizing, fuck the training and the grapplin'
And fuck them Uncle Toms who call police because we smack them
And fuck you sympathizers with your middle class reactions
Cause we bangin' on the system, G'd up, fuck the factions
And if you didn't know, the G was for George Jackson
And long live his warrior spirit packin' the Magnum
Watching over the soldiers, knowin' niggas be blackin'
When we really need to be disciplined in our ways and actions
When we get some freedom you niggas can start braggin'
Till then, inside the blood of my eye, you see the dragon

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]
I'm like the birth of baby Mohammed, the movement I started
Can spar with the hardest, the martyr regarded as Spartacus-hearted
It doesn't matter whose missiles can shoot the farthest
When you're a target in an Afghan Tutoberg Forest
Close quarters combat over corrupted elections
Bilderberg is like cancer, it grows an infection
Nepotism is the gold and the conductor's connection
And ignorance is the prison that the people are kept in
The military ain't there for the people's protection
They're just there to protect an investment
That's why people get arrested, electrocuted, molested
Connected streets are infested with those tired of protestin'
Traumatized children grow to guerilla garrisons
9/11 generations pale in comparison
And you will learn a lesson repeated through history
That no matter what you think, occupation is not victory

[Outro: Immortal Technique]
Somalia, Kashmir
Nigeria, Palestine
Iraq, bring it back

[Hook x2]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Rich Man's World (1%)"

[Arthur Jensen:]
"You get up and howl about America and democracy. There is no America. There is no democracy. We no longer live in a world of nations and ideologies
The world is a college of corporations inexorably determined by the immutable bylaws of business
The world is a business
And I have chosen you to preach this evangel."

[Immortal Technique:]
For all my free-market, healthcare-robbing, stock-stealing, retirement-fund-fucking-with niggas
Fuck your little credit-card scamming, jewelry-stealing, crack-selling, liquor-store-robbing motherfuckers
(It's a rich man's world)

Shout to the homies, Carnegie, OG, Willie Randolf Hearst, Farouk, Rockefeller, the real Rockefeller, my main bitch Leona
Pour out a little Louis the Thirteenth, Scott Rothstein, Jack Abramoff, hold ya head, my Rothschild niggas
Let's get this money

I spend my day repping America overseas
Pensions for the workers? Nigga please
Embezzlement etiquette private settlement
I'm better with confederate rhetoric from my mansion in Connecticut
Foreclose and evict homes at the tenement
I twist words like a speech impediment
I hope you got good credit bitch

If not better get a new job with benefits
While I play golf with niggas I get cheddar with
New money buys brand new karats
My old money bought your great grandparents

You got grills in ya mouth I ain't mad at ya
I own every gold mine in South Africa
Thanks baby you made me a billion
Plus I own a building for each one of my children's children

That's the shit
Snort coke in the whip miss USA sucking my dick
Yea what
Fuck the law 'cause real jail is for suckers
I go to country club prison you dumb mother fuckers
(I am the 1% fucking bitch)

You know my CEO corporate steeze please
Overthrow governments overseas in a breeze
Politicians in my pockets for a few hundred Gs
So if I'm ever in court my assets'll never freeze

I got a job and house and a bank account

When I'm out I doubt that's something you could say
And if not then I fake death like Kenneth Lay
Make money every day the world burns on its axis
While y'all struggling to pay taxes
I'm getting my money the fastest
Memos and faxes shredded-up documents
Slush funds through the corrupt continents

But they don't want me indicted
'Cause they don't want my dirty laundry aired when I fight it
Don't get my lawyers excited
'Cause what good is a law if you can't rewrite it

I got CIA traders, dictators
So fuck y'all whistle blowers and haters
(It's a rich man's world)
Shit

I'll invest money from Al Qaeda
In the bank 911 widows go to later
Capitalism's who I pray to
Fuck the state of the world
Money talks so what the fuck I need to say to ya girl
(I don't pay em to fuck, I pay em to leave)

You know my CEO corporate steeze greed
I'll treat countries like the IMF down on your knees
Real gangsters run the world fuck what you believe
I'll cut down the forest while y'all niggas burning some trees

I'll get your family murdered for a couple of Gs
'Cause your working-class money ain't fucking with me
You think rappers are rich 'cause of songs you heard?
My labels make the money and haven't rapped a fucking word

Yacht in the ocean coastin' with the sails out
Hey America thanks for the bailouts
I made off at the Banco Ambrosiano
Got away scott free like el Vaticano

Activists act a bitch get mad at me
'Cause I'm a tax free charity
80% to the staff and company
And 20% to the homeless and hungry

The country gotta pay the fed reserve
Kick back to the banksters haven't you learned
You protest cops who patrols on the street
But I bought city hall so I own the police

Email, Facebook and the shit you tweet
Own the phone companies so I heard you speaking
My suggestion is no correction no elections, sex with no affection

No invention would benefit the world of man
Will exist 'til I got the money in my hand
World bank, interest rate damn rape on the spot
But I'm a gangster you gon' take my money like it or not, nigga
(I got your country in my pocket, motherfucker!)

You know my CEO masonic steeze cheese
Only little people pay all these taxes and fees
Since you were born we controlled what you watch and you read
And pretty soon we're gonna own the fucking air that you breathe

I take what I want fucker I don't have to say please
I'll convince you that it's good for you, take it and leave
You think presidents are the face of a nation
I put em all where they are, end of the conversation

Thanks to Luke Lopez, Victor Trujillo, Mathieu, kevin, ProphecyKiller for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Toast To The Dead"

[Chorus]
Rest in Peace
Here’s another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest
Mothafucka, say yo’ prayers!
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence
Rest in Peace
You ain’t payin’ respect when you’ ‘spose to
Rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
This ain’t for y’all, this’ a toast to them
Rest in Peace

[Immortal Technique - Verse 1]
Here’s a toast to the dead
If you don’t drink, smoke to the head
For the freedom fighters killed by the feds
For those who died hard in the streets soaking in red
And died slow asleep in a dream choking in bed
Here’s a toast to the dead for my enemies that are gone
I’m not a coward so, celebrating that would be wrong
I pray to God that your soul will come back again
So I can see you in the next life and finish it then
A toast to the dead for criminals, burning in hell
I wonder how many presidents are burning as well
Emperors, Popes, Senators, Generals
Amputees feelin’ unlucky until they see the vegetables
A toast to the dead for those who I’ve forgotten
Written out of the history by the corrupted and rotten
Black saints whitewashed during La Reconquista
Thousands of Indios Spaniards used to conquer the Incas
F-ck a moment of silence! I need a moment of violence!
Like the nineteenth century Caribbean Islands
Long live those who came before, that paved the way for me
The warriors and scientists that came before slavery
And if that last lyric was predictable
Take your clairvoyance and apply it to your life in the physical
Presumptuous half-hearted homunculus
Self-destruction is the power without knowing what the function is

[Chorus]
Rest in Peace
Here’s another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
Mothafucka, say yo’ prayers!
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence
Rest in Peace
You ain’t payin’ respect when you’ ‘spose to
Rep this life to the fullest

Rest in Peace
This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them
Rest in Peace

[Immortal Technique - Verse 2]
Here's a toast to the dead, for all of my fam
I will never let an idea die with a man
My rhymes are like Nazca lines designed to give a view-of-this
J.Dilla's still alive as long as his music is
A toast to the dead for rap legends and pioneers
Your legacy won't be forsaken as long as I am here
Knowledge of the past and, wisdom of the present
I'll teach and leave in the hands of a worthy lieutenant
A toast to the dead, for children with cancer and aids
A cure exists and you probably, could have been saved
Sad to see, medicine divorce morality
Corporate homewreckers, pimpin' up a salary
A toast to the dead, for those that've died today
The victims and those exonerated by DNA
The only thing worse than giving freedom to the guilty
Is killing the innocent, and leavin' your soul filthy
Immortal Technique, remember me when I'm gone
I encrypted my lyrics to stay alive in a song
So you'll always keep a piece, of my spirit inside
When you struggle to complete what I started before I died
But some of you, won't survive the changes the earth makes
Swallowed by tsunamis, hurricanes and earthquakes
And that's just the first stage of 'you-can-not-reverse-ways'
And realise that we are one, regardless of our birthplace

[Chorus]
Here's another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
Mothafucka, say yo' prayers!
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence
Rest in Peace
You ain't payin' respect when you' 'spose to
Rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them
Rest in Peace

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Eyes In The Sky"

(feat. Mojo of Dujeous)

[Chorus:]
I am the eye in the sky looking at you I can read your mind
I am the maker of rules dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind

[Verse 1: Immortal Technique]
Yeah, my truth is the Ark of the Covenant buried in Ethiopia
Watch when you fuckin' with a Minneapolis Somalian
When I go home the world I used to know is gone and I will live on my own
For what shall it profit a rapper with creative control to sign a deal with the devil and lose his soul?
My still born first expression is cold
Like the faces of slave masters on the paper I fold
Subliminal racial supremacy chokin' me quick like the bedtime stories of Joseph Smith
Lynch mob gunnin' for me trynna murder my seeds
Shorty put him in the Nile in a basket of reeds
And now I stare in to the future with a spiritual flashlight wondering who the fuck was me in a past-life
Bad diet, fuck raw, die young, fast life, same as a crash flight that took off when the music died on your last night
Tell em' the truth and they call you a traitor
Talk to em' honestly and they call you a hater
Losin' my composure cause the message is urgent
Talkin' reckless drunk on the mic like Larry Merchant
Cursin' at the serpents, Sumerian demons
Who brush their wings against the air that I'm breathing
A heathen with nothin' left to believe in even a reason from livin' that was forgiven by God and not religion
Envision Jesus risen from the dead like Horus in the Baptist church shakin' off the rigor mortis
The borders should be illegal instead of the people that were here before the bible and all of its sequels
I speak to the detached and unrealistic that were born normal but turned socially autistic
We resisted Homeland Security's mission because I know what they really envision...

[Chorus x2]
I am the eye in the sky looking at you, I can read your mind
I am the maker of rules dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind

Thanks to Don, Will S, Chris for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Goonies Never Die"

(feat. Diabolic, Swave Sevah, Gomez)

[Intro 1]
And it's not smart to be dumb
It's not smart to be dumb
bumb de dumb dumb dumb
Back where I come from
it's not considered smart to be dumb

[Intro 2]
Immortal Technique -
Okay little empanada, time for bed
"Empanada" - Uncle Felipe
Immortal Technique -
What, what is it now?
"Empanada" - I heard that
you and my dad used to
be in a gang. Is that true?
IT - Who told you that
man, your mother. It
wasn't a gang we were
just a group of friends
Em - Did you do bad things?
IT - No no no look we just
used to draw and stuff
and play karate, borrow
things, throw stuff, y'know
run around at night. Like Goonies
Em - Whats a Goonie?
IT - You never heard of
Goonies before?

[Verse 1 - Immortal Technique]
I coulda chose another life
with the feds try'na get me
Little kids putting work in
like at Gap and Disney
In the whip high as shit
like Bobby and Whitney
Grab your hand and push
the mother fuckin' pedal to sixty
Harlem cops frisk me to
get me to make their quotas
But I told ya "Siempre hay
que separar las drogas"
Bar brawl in the club
popping and rocking georsh
Shot it out leaving bullet
holes the size of matzu balls

I love big chicks never
fucked with a slim broad
Played soccer and
hammered nails into their shin guards
Gambled at cee lo with
Dominicans locked in the tombs
We was there for robbing
niggas for them Spanish doubloons
Remember Goonie era
graffiti of all sorts
Now they wanna foreclose
on the hood to build a golf course
I'll put your hand in a
blender to make an entree
Then cut your dick and
glue it back on the wrong way

[Hook - Immortal Technique]
All ma revolutionary
soldiers better ride
My word is mathematics
bitch numbers never lie
So even if they tell you I'm
dead I'm still alive
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die
Witness protection
program rappers better hide
I serve revenge out the
freezer niggas never slide
So if they tell you I'm gone
and you safe niggas lied
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die

[Verse 2 - Swave Sevah]
I'm a certified goonie the
type a burgla rob ya crib
And leave it smellin like
sour and Afghan gooey
Life is a movie but yours
was filmed on a greener screen
I give you pure uncut raw
no deleted scenes
War with a broadsword
dumping a tech nine
Slit your throat give you a
Colombian neck tie
The best buy to get we let
die let fly the next guy to try some shit
Listen a few words just to
describe my clique
We like a gang of spartans

walking on the Gaza strip
Never say die its time to
fight and we never run
My Goonies rob niggas for
jewelery we call em treasure hunts
Let him front like he a
tough guy with wippe?
I'll hit em slug turn him to
one eye willy watery
grave hide ya chips
I'll hijack ya boat load and
cruise away on my pirate ship

[Hook - Immortal Technique]
All ma revolutionary
soldiers better ride
My word is mathematics
bitch numbers never lie
So even if they tell you I'm
dead I'm still alive
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die
Witness protection
program rappers better hide
I serve revenge out the
freezer niggas never slide
So if they tell you I'm gone
and you safe niggas lied
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die

[Verse 3 - Diabolic]
Before Duncan Penderhuse
was runnin' with dougie doug
My team got away with
murder we ain't fit the bloody glove
Those jungle breeze and
we come to feed our hungry cubs
With hoes pulling out our
pipes like Goonies under country clubs
Let these funny thugs
know whoever steps in 'Bolics spot
Is getting crushed with
solid rock the jester copper pot
I suggest the drama stops
I'll flood blocks with mustard gas
You're up shits creek in a
rubber raft cut in half
Cross my fucking path I'll
dare you I'll mangle who lit the fuse
Quick to lose my marbles
like Mikey replacing his with jewels
Watching y'all enslave the

game I'm forced to say the truth
Break the chains quick and
Sloth reaching for Baby Ruth
We got AD proof and
whores in daisy dukes extra low
While fat bitches do the
truffle shuffle just to get in shows
Fuck what your record
sold respect the code and recognize
The rebel tribe that my
people kept alive will never die

[Hook - Immortal Technique]
All ma' revolutionary
soldiers better ride
My word is mathematics
bitch numbers never lie
So even if they tell you I'm
dead I'm still alive
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die
Witness protection
program rappers better hide
I serve revenge out the
freezer niggas never slide
So if they tell you I'm gone
and you safe niggas lied
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die

[Outro]

Thanks to Esteban for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to Kyle, Smoke2Much for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Natural Beauty"

(feat. Mela Machinko)

...natural beauty, so beautiful, yeah, natural love, yeah...

They corrupted the priceless African image of Isis
Replaced it with a lifeless anorexic white bitch
The fashion industry got 'em in a funny spot
Self-hatred leaking out they mouth like a money shot
Movie star, Hollywood Babylon fantasy
Buncha peacock bitches in a cocaine canopy
And if you healthy they make you think you're a manatee
Look how they invented this euro-centric insanity
Got you brain washed to the point you bleaching your skin
Blind to the truth, you can't see the beauty within
Cause ain't nothing wrong with exercise to tighten your thighs
But there's something wrong with contacts that lighten ya eyes
We're goin backwards, from hip hop in the park
To the experiments by Dr. Kenneth Clark
So after the cannabis I'ma have to handle this
Release the pressure on her and open her like an amythist

Their lies cant fade ya beauty
You gotta know who you are
Stay strong and always remember
The truth in your heart
Don't forget there are those who
Benefit from your scars
And who deny what's natural

Check it uh,
The business of beauty isn't a natural model
It's built to be the opposite of the cultures we topple
These magazines got you caught in a hustle
Cause when you starve yourself
Your body doesn't burn fat it burns muscle
And men don't even like women control the business
That's why the women look like men
And the men like bitches
I break it down as god is my witness
Remember Sambo charicature characteristics
Now who got the collagen under they lipstick
Implanted Arabic hips, surgical sickness
A bi-polar society that claims to be righteous
Spray paintin artificial melanin
Tryin to be like us
Livin in a pathetic epidemic of schizophrenic buying a
Synthetic body with credit
You mad that I said it
But you know that I'm right

Find a natural beauty and get you some natural lovin' tonight

Their lies cant fade your beauty
You gotta know who you are
Stay strong and always remember,
The truth in your heart
Don't forget there are those who
Benefit from your scars
And who deny what's natural

Their lies can't fade your beauty
You gotta know who you are
Always remember, truth lies in your heart

Thanks to munga, G.E., Kerry for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Running Nowhere (Interlude)"

People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
[fades out slowly]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Civil War"

(feat. Brother Ali, Chuck D & Killer Mike)

[Immortal Technique]
The ghetto is like a prison, with invisible bars
No matter where you ride, it always follows you where you are
And it's hard out there, for a pimp to get outta
But it's harder for the hooker that he beat the shit outta
I got niggas underground in the Confederate States
Ironically runnin' from slavery that prison creates
So I never hate on the south, I respect they vision
I just hate on niggas that promote Samboism
And white execs that love to see us in that position
They reflect the stereotypes of America's vision
They want us dancing, cooning and hollering
Only respect us for playing sports and modeling
More than racism, it's stay in your place-ism
More people are trapped in practical blackface-ism
So fuck a Civil War between the North and the South
It's between field niggas and slaves that are stuck in the house

[Chorus: Chuck D]
Civil war for the soul of a nation
This is a struggle to save civilization
Demonstrations overthrowing the occupation
The annihilation of mental colonization

Civil war for the soul of a nation
We fight for the future of our civilization
Destroy the corrupt government organizations
Trying to survive cultural assassination

[Killer Mike]
Crip niggas, Blood nigga, ese's, Asians
Why the fuck we warring with each other's population?
The devil wanna dead all our population
People in Folk nation, why the separation?
Why we got Jamaicans hatin' on Haitians
When the British and French raped both nations?
Mexicans and Blacks kill each other, straight hating
While the government profits from prison population
If you on the bottom, be you Anglo or Asian
You gotta recognize the realness of what I'm sayin'
You gotta recognize another G ain't the enemy
When the police ride to kill us frequently
We gotta make the youth see, where the truth be
If you a G, then grow and develop GD
50 years of gangs and our people still poor
If we really run the streets, we should really end war

[Chorus: Chuck D]
Civil war for the soul of a nation
This is a struggle to save civilization
Demonstrations overthrowing the occupation
The annihilation of mental colonization

Civil war for the soul of a nation
We fight for the future of our civilization
Destroy the corrupt government organizations
Trying to survive cultural assassination

[Brother Ali]
Listen, our hearts were torn apart just like y'all was
Watching towers full of souls fall to sawdust
Everytime we called your office you ignored us
Now you holding hearings on us all inside a Congress
Microscopes on us, ask if we're Jihadists
My answer was in line with all of the Founding Fathers
I think Patrick said it best; Give me liberty or death
I shall never accept anything less
You claim innocence, you play victimless
But you gave the kiss of death in the name of self defense
Slavery and theft have brought the nations to the end
Of pacifying your citizenry with excess
We believe in freedom, justice, security
But they're only pure when they're applied universally
So certainly if I rage against the machine
My aim was only to clean the germs out of the circuitry
Heard you need putting fear inside your heart
Make you burn Qu'rans and tell me not to build a mosque
Me, my wife and babies we ain't never made jihad
We just want to touch our heads to the floor and talk to God
Ask him to remove every blemish from my heart
The greatest threat of harm doesn't come from any bomb
The moment you refuse the human rights of just a few
What happens when that few includes you?
Civil war

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Mark Of The Beast"

(feat. Akir, Beast 1333)

[Verse 1: Akir]
Get ya dough watch it go, back to the peoples that holding some
Basic H's secret states keepin the stuffs the stole it from
Peter Jospeh told us so, only those that seem to know
Can counteract the satus quo balance back wich way to go
My rough ID CID used by the beast to track you yeah
Charge in the car can cause an alarm
That's part of the arm that traps you now
Back to check in, you go inside you prepared to fly
Watch for scalin you cannot hide
Comfortable you roll no matter what you done
What treats for sky? climbin a tree while I'm gettin high
That big brother eagle start to die
No matter what the reason we can devise
The plant in the sea saw the seeds that provide?
Away for us to breathe out the evilest side
No need to kiss the dream is alive
Free from the evils of the dreams inside

[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]

[Verse 2: Beast 1333]
Yo the World a Mess
we All Lust the Flesh
I won't Stop till the People
see Success
So Many beat to Death
so Many people Left
With the Mark of the Beast
can't cheat the Test
You bear the Mark
i Bear the Mark
With the blood in the Waters
there for Sharks
Now everybody want to Be Quoting Marx
with a Less of the Bite
And a More the Bark
in A World of Fakes
Here's what it Takes
gotta have Big Balls
Not Baby Grapes
at A Crazy Pace
Let's do it Face to Face
the Whole Race chase Waste
Space Age Sensash
with a Warm embrace
They go and Stab your Back

it's so Wack that the Hacks
Flapjack the Tracks
and When the Bombs attack
We Gon Bomb em Back
wit the Cold Facts Rap Tracks
Catch a Jax
Theres No Latch attached
you Can't Own a Soul
So don't go go scroll po po patrol
lets Go Toe to Toe Like Pro Dojo Throws
Sold your Soul so Don't Go so Slow
no Need to Crow
No Need to Flip
what we Need is a Change in Leadership
Wont even Give a Chance to Plead the Fifth
before the Radar Go From
Bleep to Blip Bitch

[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]

[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]
You think I don't notice the line when you cross it
I'm like the mind of a genious trapped in a cerebral palsic
You underestimate the hood you think niggas is stupid
We read the countries credits, niggas know who produced it
Why the fuck you think the pushing military recruitment
America been platinum and she afraid of recoupment
So when you try to close the boarder and don't let us in
I'll overthrow califonria with 20 million mexicans
Cubans and chinese who came looking for freedom
Till they realised america was run by a demon
And I don't mean George Bush he was a fuckin zero
More like the roman emperor Nero
Who did nothing while the black slum turned to atlantis
I mean those behind the canvas that made the mechanics
And then planned it, it sounds simple but stupid niggas won't understand it
Until the mark of the beats has your face branded

[Cuts by DJ Pone]

Thanks to Bacel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Pierre Louis Garcia

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Black Vikings"

(feat. Styles P, Vinnie Paz, Poison Pen)

[Verse 1: Immortal Technique]
Back like I was locked up, putting in work
Burning through books like nazi's in a catholic church
I'm cursed like cain when he murdered his brother
Cut your face off and wear it while I'm fucking your mother
I'm mars ultor, the avenger, the god of war
And if you don't believe in me, I doubt you believe in god at all
I breathe smokeless fire, the Jinn type
That'll make you hate the way that allah made you to live life
Like hindu, niggas that be bleaching their skin white
Other people's teeth in my hands after a fist fight
I was born with a sixth sense and a swift right
Skinned werewolves and rape demons at midnight
Sell your kids into slavery after we murder you
Or sacrifice them in the same fire we burnin' you
Barbarian funeral, nigga, you wanna know?
Damn the river, bury me, and let the water flow

[Hook: Poison Pen]
Chaos, mayhem, bang outs, slay them, uprise, rape them, raid them
Cage em, pandemonium, insurgent, death merchants, commit the best murder
Pillage, Kill them, erase history, make them a mystery

[Verse 2: Styles P]
Cut the nose off, the ears off, the whole head
Immortal and ghost coming, code red
You never seen a black barbarian
Warrior, warlord, pussy, cut your balls off
More bodies come, more bodies hauled off
What you want the sword and get shit sawed off
Your throat need an axe in it
And I'm breaking your back because your spine needed a crack in it
You bugging me, I'm coming to fumigate
The wolverine, the sabre tooth, the way that I mutilate
I'm like the viking in Valhalla Rising
Except I got black skin and both of my eyes in
Don't test him, please don't stress him
He'll hang you from a tree with your own intestines
How you wanna die? make your own suggestion
Now talk to the lord and make your own confession

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]
You pussies living in a movie theatre
Put the motherfucking spell on you like brujeria
Chop his motherfucking head like a ruthless leader

Guns drawn in a church service, shoot the preacher
You need to be godly to know allah
Ain't no rappers eating around me, like a broken jaw
It ain't ever been a day that I ain't broke the law
What you think I hold a motherfucking toaster for?
I ain't going there, there's police in that room
And vinnie walk around with bags of dust like a vacuum
Bury you under the earth inside a black tomb
My body covered in Dashiki and stab wounds
I'm a guerilla, barbarians is my ancestors
That's a part of my neurological transmitters
We Islamic and brought the story of shem with us (Al hamdu Allah!)
While we brought the motherfucking blam blam with us

[Hook]

[Outro]
The walls have been breached! ANFALL!!!
We came in the name of peace and brotherhood, you wanted us bound in slavery, poisoned our water, changed our names...
Burn their homes, take their jewels, skin them alive!
Hold on, hold on, hold on...
No one will know these people ever existed, and all that will be left is what we build upon their ruins...

Thanks to Eugen Kabinde for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Conquerors"

(with Dr. John Henrik Clarke)

Nearly all religion was brought to people and imposed on people by conquerors and used as the framework to control their minds. My main point here is that if you are a child of god and god is a part of you, then in your imagination god is supposed to look like you and when you accept a picture of the deity assigned to you by another people you become the spiritual prisoner of that other people.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Young Lords"

(feat. Joell Ortiz, Pumpkinhead, CF, Panama Alba)

[Immortal Technique:]
New to the world, fresh out the barrio, I was an outlaw rebel, out of my mind, young and wild, my existence defined in one word: Survive!

[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]
If it could be sold, I can sell it, If it can't, that's cool
I'll fix it up make it look good enough to catch some fools
It started when I was young with my genesis games
He traded me John Madden for--I don't remember the name
But it was weak though, the streets though, they play with perico
So Tito became my hijo, he had cheap blow
And each O like three, four times, I flipped ones
But it's evil, the people I deal with'll stick nuns
With big guns, the diesel that diesel never change
The custies still nod like they agree with everything
The weed ain't the same, all the colors is new
It ain't just green, the haze is purple and them berries is blue
I don't care if it was pink, as long as they still smoking
I had them bags packed until they damn near open
The hustle's in my veins, I could bleed in a pot
And make a soup that'd go for 10 dollars a pop

[Immortal Technique:]
In la calle, a collision course with incarceration, consumed by the lies of the streets, they were an illusion but I awoke caged like an animal

[Verse 2: Pumpkinhead]
They got me locked in a cell where I'm feeling like an experiment
My spirit sharper than lasers they used to build pyramids
Writing on the walls keep me sane
Knuckle push-ups on the concrete, till I bleed out the pain
Thoughts of my freedom lingering in my brain
I'm stronger and much quicker I appreciate the gain
Building with my a-alike, brown power reunite
Tattoos of my flag, PR pride Jesus Christ
But I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy
So when I'm free I'll teach and spread the speech
Of how they try to divide us (to make us weak)
Find us (and break a piece) So I gotta
(To make a peace) honest (I play for keeps)
This is the life of your forefathers that fought hard
Four corners of backyards, power in numbers
So they subtract us and add bars
If they want it, we gonna take 'em to war
We not a gang or a clique, we Young Lords!

[Immortal Technique:]

I came to my senses, un esclavo no soy (I am not a slave), that is not my past, I came to know me and my people, red brown and black, helped me paint the future.

[Verse 3: CF]
The world got a template, to turn us into inmates caged in a state pen,
Man, fuck going to penn state,
Bonded to slave ships to punch in your timecard,
Walk my oasis spacing jungle behind bars,
Got my epiphany like Malcolm X,
Prison to the bricks, but I'm stuck in this global house arrest,
I'm a free man so I changed my mannerisms,
This Greenspan system wanna dent my activism,
Estilo machetero get my people out the ghetto,
21st century grito de alar estate quieto (stay calm),
We vocal minorities, no pookie man trail,
Guess the local authorities to be the Ho Chi Minh trail,
From robbing bodegas and boosting like low-lives,
The medium figures choking the four five,
Revolutionary gangsters in your presence,
Trying to dead us through cancer, through chemical testing!

[Immortal Technique:]
Unidos por fin! (Finally, united!) We seize the time, free at last, learn to love, live to fight, not just for me, but for others, teach the new blood, and live for freedom!

[Verse 4: Immortal Technique]
I survived the COINTELPRO assassinations
AIDS epidemic crack era fractured a nation
The interpretation of American democracy
Is best exemplified in its foreign policy dichotomy
I live a double-life of political philosophy
But revolution follows me, the struggle for equality
Against the morally bankrupt, claiming to be born again
It's a civil war again, like MS-13's origin
Banned ethnic studies claiming our culture will swallow them
But you can’t conquer people and build a country on top of them
And then feel offended that they breathe the same oxygen
Your family values lack the wisdom of Solomon
But Operation Condor and Operation Bootstrap
Are Poli Sci 101 research for the New Jack
It’s hard to reach, Communist Utopia tomorrow
When your hands are in a fucking glass jar like Che Guevara
Forget the distorted historical facts you were given
Slave trade was the capital for capitalism
Trapped in a prison mentally, dying existentially
Separated from people you can’t see yourself to be
Then racially integrated into a burning house
Colony of an empire, economically burning out
Can’t win a debate, so they sponsor every threat to me
I wonder if Agent 800 is standing next to me

In Puerto Rico, the main problem we have es que somos colonia (is that we are a colony) we are a colony, we are fighting for freedom, because we will not be a slave nation for *[?]* the struggle here is to make universities the

struggle here is in the community, it's against the police and violence, it's against discrimination, it's against the crime against humanity on this beautiful Caribbean Island, this is *[?]* Young lords, revolutionary always, from San Juan, Puerto Rico, Que viva Puerto Rico libre! (Long Live a free Puerto Rico!)

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Ultimas Palabras"

A new American revolution has begun,
Not against the forces of a colonial kingdom
But a rebellion against an oppressor that has risen among us,
It is not a foreign invasion we have to fear,
Rather the threat of a force within our nation
That has usurped what was once a dream of having the greatest democracy ever known to man,
We now live in a world where the population has grown exponentially,
And the planet is running out of resources to sustain us all,
We in the inner-city and those struggling in the suburban ghettos may not realize it yet,
But make no mistake,
The people who control the technology and run every enterprise that makes up our world,
Have seen this coming for a long time,
The ideas of renewable energy,
Global warming,
The idea of collectively working,
Were purposefully bought out, derailed, demonized, or corrupted,
In favor of an economic structure designed by a monetary caste system,
In a desperate attempt to convince us that we need to maintain that extravagant existence,
They've pretended we might share in their dream,
That we can justify any inhumanity in its name,
Out of this blind ignorance was born the curse of slavery,
Many of the founders of this nation were themselves Masons,
That is not a Left wing or Right wing conspiracy theory,
It is a widely known and accepted fact,
So then explain to me how a nation founded by men,
Who not only understood the long and complicated history of Europe,
But also that of Africa,
Could permeate such a lie in convincing the American public,
That one race of men was superior and one inferior,
When in fact we know that all the early men,
The men who created civilization and every aspect of what we see today,
The foundation of all human life,
Were from Africa,
The greatest cowardice of course came not with slavery itself,
Unfortunately,
But with the excuses for slavery,
For if America had been as brave as the Roman Empire and all other empires that have come after her,
And claimed "No, we were just stronger and that's why we took you",
Then when slavery was over racism would've probably followed in suit,
But instead it was the social lie,
The religious lie that was told,
That stayed in the mind of people,
That seperated one human being from another,
In order to distract us from the issues of class and freedom,
They created issues around religion and race to dominate the world for centuries to come,
Some claim that they respect that they respect the culture of life in this country,
They cry out for indignity of children that are slaughtered before they are born,
But God has not penetrated their souls,

For they have no empathy,
Nothing in their cold hearts for the 100s of 1,000s of lives we have taken in our wars overseas,
For that which they call "collateral damage",
Which the are the burnt and damaged children of the world,
They have no prayers for them,
Only snide commentary on the internet and laughter in their hearts,
And yet you claim to be one with God,
Huh,
We talk about immigration in this country,
Might doesn't make right ladies and gentleman,
It just makes right now,
What we are saying to the rest of the world,
Is one day when America grows weak,
One day when her legions falter,
On the day when her economy crumbles,
China, Russia, Europe, whatever power has arisen,
All you have to do is come here and conquer us in a few military excursions,
And then you too can set up shop here,
And in 100 years you can tell every red-blooded American,
"No, you are an illegal human being,
I am the true citizen,
I have all the rights,
You have no rights",
Maybe you forgot how you got this country,
Maybe you take for granted the blood, the sweat, the tears,
That the people who live in practical serfdom shed everyday,
For we may not run America, but we make America run,
We talk about the Law,
Yet,
How many indignities have been legal in the past?
How many treaties with Native Americans have we broken?
How many international laws have we violated?
And,
Speaking of laws,
How can a corporation be regulated by a government that is funded and controlled by corporations?
How can there be accountability,
For people who see a profit margin above the lives of Americans?
Above the lives of human beings in other countries?
We have taken the soul out ourselves and placed them inside machines,
My words of course,
Will be marginalized, demonized,
In typical fashion,
Anytime you dare to question the power structure they say you hate America,
No, I love this country,
I see its beauty everyday in its people,
And I love it a lot more than those who have abandoned the American worker,
That have chose to exploit and try to take away benefit she has,
Those that attempt to make excuses for every atrocity committed,
In the name of supposed freedom,
Those who demand accountability from everyone,
But offer none themselves,
Who favor contracts over lives,
Who favor invasion and control over organic democracy overseas,

The greatest flaw that any intelligent person has is to think they're smarter than everyone else,
And so the government has planted its spies amongst us,
We have planted our spies among them,
They have infiltrated every branch of the American government,
They have retrieved names, data, hard numbers,
The paper trail that will expose those that truly control this country,
Those that control the political parties,
Those that control the oil industry,
The energy,
Those that stand behind the companies faceless,
Whose names have never been revealed,
Until tod.. *[GUNSHOT]*

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Sign Of The Times"

(feat. Cetan Wanbli, Lockjaw Nakai, Cornel West)

Imagine the word of god without religious groupies
Imagine a savior born in a Mexican hoopty
Persecuted a single mother in a modern manger
You crucify him again like a fucking stranger
Tears of the anger are worth more than diamonds or rubies
Imagine being locked up since juvi
Imagine changing your life and still going out like tookie
Imagine niggas talking shit when they never knew me
Imagine a movie that depicted the pain in your life like the kids in Afghanistan chasing a kite
For most of the world that's what it's like
Imagine if the woman your suppose to love for the rest of your life is set to marry someone else at the end of the night
They say you fight the greatest jihad in your heart and your mind and fight the hardest when you start from behind
So I dreamed the impossible all the time
Fuck a masonic design America's future is mine repeat that to yourself cause if cultures a crime the numbers tatted on your arm aren't too far behind
It can only conquer you after they murdered your mind
So rise up motherfucker like the sign of the times
I feel my body weakening but my spirit is fine
Ready to go to war with devils at the drop of a dime and
Fight with my rebel army until the stars are aligned

Nostradamus was a white man's prophet who predicated European supremacist logic
Because the pilgrims and conquistadors columns killed more innocent people than Hitler and Stalin (Yes)
I guess the fortune teller skipped an Antichrist or two
Brother give this to the OG's doing life with you and
Pray for the problems with the popes psychology so the Vatican will offer an apology, (for what?!)
for destroying the peoples liberation theology
Snatching the spirit of Jesus from people in poverty
Business decisions like keeping people in prisons but had the opposite effect incarcerating religion
That type of crooked politics imposed on a populous is obvious if you read the Northwood documents
Forget the compliments for what I recorded
And live the revolution instead of always dying for it
Remember a bullet can never stop me
My legions are led by the spirit Haile Selassie watch me
Even if I'm shot in the shakra I will prosper
Doppler effect bumping music out a helicopter
Tellin the Persians there comes the rasta
And tell them I came back as the son of the Ahura Mazda
Fish out the Philistine dagon from the shores of Gaza
And call Quetzalcoatl flying over La Raza
This is a message to the older gods I'll sacrifice you all to the revolution like the Romanovs
Lost in the desert like the Hebrews of Israel
The blood clot system try to kill me like sickle cell
But I survived and alive to fight another day cocooned in a coma
I can still hear my mother pray

Sister crying out to god please let my brother stay
Walking towards the light but somethings pulling me the other way

Thanks to Joey for correcting these lyrics.